

Mornings are For... by orphan_account

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Summary:

Reader x Hopper smut.

Mornings are For...

Author's Note:

A good ol' Hopper Daddy kink fic. Because let's be honest, we all could use more.

The sun radiated through the bedroom window of Hoppers log cabin, far away from anyone else. El had stayed the night at the Wheelers for a movie marathon and an indoors camping expedition, it was just you and Jim. You squint your eyes, pushing the heavy bed sheets off of you and piling them on top of Hopper, who was still asleep.

Despite the burning sun, it was a chilly winter morning, the crisp and cool air nipped at your feet and bare legs when you stepped out of bed and onto the wooden floor. His flannel shirt was oversized on you, drooping down to your knees.

You push the curtains together, stopping the sunlight from pouring in. Climbing back into bed underneath the warm covers and sliding in next to Hopper, you hear a elongated grunt which was muted by the pillow his face was buried in. He turns his head from the pillow to face you without moving his body.

“Mornin’.” He grumbled through gritted teeth, his tone gravelly. He turned his face back into the pillow and shut his eyes. You place your cold hands on his back in attempt to warm them up. His eyes blink open and he winced at the shock of your chilled hands using his back as a furnace. Chuckling, you press your body closer to his and run your hands from his back to his stomach, feeling it move up and down with every breath he takes. Slowly gliding your hand down his stomach to his thigh, you feel his leg twitch when you run your hand

over his bulge.

“You’re hard already?” You giggle into the crook of his neck. You’d never think Jim Hopper was so bad at controlling himself, especially since he was the Chief of Hawkins. Your ability to make this man melt into your hands was uncanny.

“Morning wood, baby.” He groaned, thrusting into the palm of your hand.

You feel Hoppers underwear dampen with pre-cum as you tighten your grip around his clothed erection and begin pumping your hand faster. He grunts louder, flipping over onto his back, you move with him, now sitting down next to his waist. His eyes were still shut, eyelids twitching frequently and mouth gaping into an ‘o’ shape, allowing shaky moans to spill from his mouth easily.

You can’t help but smirk to yourself at the sight of the six foot three man trembling beneath you, calling out your name in plea. “I’m close...” He bites into his bottom lip, wrinkling his forehead. You pull your hand away, causing him to let out a disappointed groan. You slide down the band of his underwear in the front, releasing his member.

An unsteady, loud moan was dragged from his lips. “Fuuuck.” He whined as you palmed his cock, tongue curling around the head. Hoppers hand clasped a handful of your hair as your tongue travelled down his shaft, then back up. Your lips wrap around the tip, staring

directly at him.

His eyes watched hungrily, "Take the shirt off baby." You keep your lips on him, sliding the flannel off your shoulders, letting it hit the floor, then securing a grip on his cock with your hand, stroking him. "I love those tits baby girl." You hum around his dick, pushing it deeper into your throat, tip hitting the top of your mouth.

"God, thats fucking good. Keep going baby girl. Just like that.." Hoppers head fell backwards, mouth open in awe. His hand slightly pushes your head down on his length, "You want my whole cock down your throat baby? Is that what you want?"

"Mhm." You sounded, noise vibrating around his member. Hoppers fingers tangled in your hair, gripping onto your head. You lazily bob your head up and down his shaft, the head of his cock continuing to tickle the roof of your mouth.

"So fuckin' pretty with my cock deep in your mouth." Hopper groans out, staring directly at your lips as they suction around his length. "You're fucking amazing." His lips open, releasing an unstable moan.

Your tongue coils around his cock, lips moving around his shaft. You stare up at him, batting your eye lashes dramatically. Hopper stares back with gritted teeth, "Mm, I wanna fuck you." He growls, pushing your head off his member.

"So, when are you gonna fuck me?" You whine, moving his hand from his stomach to your inner thigh, dragging it closer to the crotch of your panties. Hopper glances over at his hand, then your chest,

then your eyes.

Gripping his hand, you glide it up and down your clothed opening. Jim's hand noticeably presses down, his middle finger pushing on your clit.

"Daddy!"

Shit.

His eyes Immediately open, shifting his weight, now sitting up, "What?" His hand still resting on your panties, still applying pressure to your clit, still moving up and down.

"P...please..." You moan, pressing yourself against his palm.

"Who am I." He ignored your plead, "Who am I?" Hopper repeated, tone guttural.

"Jim— Jim Hopper." You wail, his finger pushes down harder, "Chief Jim Hopper."

"That's right baby. But who else am I?" His hand running up and down the crotch of your panties in a brutal pattern, his finger presses through your soaked panties, reaching your g-spot.

“D-Daddy!” You squeal, grabbing onto his large arm.

“Take these off for Daddy. Let Daddy put his fingers in you baby girl.” Hopper whispered in your ear, his hand resting at the curve of your thigh.

Willingly you pull your panties off, flinging them to the floor. Hoppers hand slides back over to your core, pushing his middle finger in your opening and playing with your g-spot. His thumb circled your clit, causing whimpers and moans to topple from your lips.

Adding a second finger, he pumped into you, curling his finger to hit the spot that forced your body against his hand. You grind against Hoppers digits, using his shoulders to hold yourself up.

“You ready to cum on my fingers?” Hop murmured into your neck, unshaven beard rubbing against your skin. His arm twisted with the movement of his digits. Your hips roll into his touch, soft moans releasing from your lips.

Walls clenching around his thick fingers, “I’m gonna cum...” He vigorously thrusts his fingers, “Holy shit! *Hopper...*” You pathetically whimper out his name, curling into his digits as you cum.

Hopper hummed in praise as he removes his fingers and draws them to his mouth. He moaned around his fingers, tasting your essence. “Goddamn baby.”

“Fuck me Daddy.” You whine, tossing your arms over his shoulders.

Without warning Hopper holds onto your ass, positioning himself so his legs fall over the edge of the bed, placing your center over his cock. Holding onto his shoulders, riding his member. His hips thrust upwards, meeting your hips as they pushed down, filling you completely. His flesh slapped against yours, adding to the noise of his grunts mixed with your moans.

Hopper rolled over so he was on top, slowing down and curling his hips into you.

“You want my cock deep inside you?” He groaned between kisses, “Answer me baby, tell me what you want.”

“I want your cock deep inside.” You say, threading your fingers through Hoppers hair. “Fill me *Daddy*.”

He slowly pumped into you, “How do you want Daddy to fuck you?”

“Hard.”

As soon as the word left your mouth his whole cock sunk into your core, grasping onto your breasts while panting into your neck. With each movement of his hips, his entire length was forced into you, leaving you moaning and squealing beneath him. You tossed a leg

over his back, dick now hitting your g-spot.

Hoppers face burrowed into your neck, spreading kisses. Growls forced from his gritted teeth as he pulled from your neck to meet your eyes. You wanted him harder, you wanted more from him.

“Harder Daddy. Fuck me harder.”

His cock pounded into you, sounds of skin slapping against skin filling your ears. His eyes flickered with lust. You still wanted more. Grabbing hold of his hand, which was squeezing your breast, you moved it to your throat.

Hoppers eyebrows furrowed with confusion. He almost stopped, but your reaction to his hand clasp on your throat made him understand. “If you want me to stop, tap on my wrist.”

His grip tightened, thrusting himself harder into you. The sight of your lips parting, and eyes rolling back from the pressure he was putting on your throat made him crave release.

“I’m close... I’m right there baby.” He shouted, using his whole body to propel himself inside.

“Daddy.” You whined, barely able to speak.

Releasing your throat and pulling out, Hopper gave himself a few

tugs, “Suck me off baby girl.”

You nod and listen to his command, as soon as you wrap your lips around his tip, his hand holds your head, forcing your to mouth to his balls, allowing his throbbing cock to push fully into your throat. Hoppers eyes shut, thick ropes of cum spilled from his cock, warmth coating the walls of your throat.

Hoppers eyes open and meet yours, watching you clean his dick with your mouth. “Goddamn baby girl. Here—“ He swipes his finger over your chin, collecting the rest of his seed. You lick it off his finger, humming at his bitter taste. “Do you know what that does to a man... holy shit.”

You chuckle, watching him sit back down on the bed next to you. His arm wraps around your shoulder, gently pulling you into his embrace.

Author's Note:

Hope you enjoyed :)